

SKULE THE
BARBARIAN

A TOIKE OIKE COMIC BOOK

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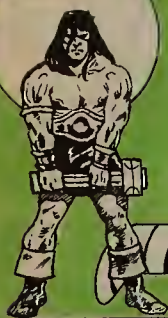
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THE BARBARIAN



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Room 211A, Engineering Annex 928-236. Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

"The Toike receives financial assistance from



Editor: Richard Pearse
Assistant Editor: Dawne Love
Managing Editor: John Parker
Business Manager: Lawry Simon

Fucking Nonsense

Rick Cooper Eat shit you artsie faggot
John Kenny Hi mom, How's business? (Red Streetlight)
Rick Aar on Bicycle season will soon be open (sniff, sniff)
Jim Marko Know any good Kevin Jefferies jokes
Chris Spicer who the fuck is this guy?
Jim Burpee Band with the Runs
John Parker is absent from this make up
Rose Eng Take an 8 out to lunch
David Jamieson Owes \$3.00
Dawne Love and Jim Beaton and

Ted & Alice
Philip David Crabtree loves Murry Cass they are Rombough's Raiders
Graham Wideman I'll be there
Mike Wiganowsk Doesn't anybody read the Varsity any more
Eric Hartwell Anytime and any place at all, just call me your know the number.

Mal Crawford next year's editor will be a York Student
Richaarde H Pearse Ap Elizabeth Mab Harrie 'GO TO HELL' Why Not, I mean WHY NOT?
Seymour Kanowitch you can be editor

Dick Goes to a Makeup (Fuck Up)

This is it people the last time you will ever hear from old Dicko in this rag (shitty though it may be, it was better than the rest of the editorial shit, published crap, and ignorance sent to the presses by many other papers on this campus, Dorko Fops especially). So what do you want to know? Below are a few pictures from various makeups, of various people. I leave it entirely to Eric (that cocksucking Eng Sci boy with the screwed up brain). Assisting him is that faggot Graham Wideman, also very eager in the darkroom is Rose Davis (those Eng Sci people are really close).

I would like to include a list of everyone that came out this year (not that the shit brained, ass holed faced dork chopping rejects from life, were asked You bunch of ungrateful fuckheads, I HATE YOU ALL. I HOPE YOUR MOTHER GETS RAPED BY A TRIBE OF BRAINLESS ARTSIES. What was that about Nancy Drew fucking sixteed dead priests?) Aw Fuck guess who just walked in the door? At least if it were Uffinn or Baldwin I could have a good sleep, but it being Mal Crawford and that GOD DAMNED YORK CUNT EYED TWAT, EAT TWACOS, I can't sleep cause he never shuts up. And of course Crabs slimes in behind, kissing his ass. THANK HIS GOD CASS DIDN'T MAKE IT. Hey, have you heard any good Frank Blum jokes lately?
When Irish eyes are smiling,
Troubles on its way,
Cause when Irish eyes are smiling,
They been with the I.R.A

I haven't much more to say so I'll wrap it up now, leaving you with this happy wish you all screw off to hell. I HATE YOU ALL.

Dawne Love	Jim Kennedy	Pat O'Neill
Jim Beaton	Rick Cooper	Tom Woods
Lawry Simon	Jim Marko	Rosemarie Davis
Dave McDonald	John Kenny	Nancy Goheen
Doug Hooton	Herb Wenzel	Al (the big D)
Seymour Kanowitch	David Crabtree	Rhys D Beak
Dave Anderson	Mal Crawford	Richard Aaron
Robert G West	Graham Wideman	Bung
John Parker	Eric Hartwell	Ingrid Jenker
Rose Eng	Steve Godfree	Mike Brunka
Dave Jamieson	Dave Shindman	
Jim Burpee	Mario Vasilkovs	Love & Hatered
Heather Ridout	Dave Mathews	Richard Pearse
Mike Wyganowski		Editor Toike Oike

GODIVA'S BOX

If we don't get enough interesting letters ourselves, we steal from other people.

Deer Oike,

Yu gies ar not nise. Yu shud not make fun of us. We ar gib and meen, and we will beet yu off, er up. We ar not reely dum. I can cownt to 10. Want to heer me? Won, tu, three, for, I will send in this rest for next ishew. If yu du not stop maiking fun of us we will meat yu after skool by thu gait at for oclok after naps.

D.J.
(Dean of Jocks)

Dear Toike (Alias Phugue - heds)

What is the pt. of writing for your rag when you won't bother including articles (surely 1 of 3 or 4 we sent in was worth it). All I can say is you can fucker well stick Toike up your asses (if you guys are even off then, sitting around in pubs eating engineering shit).

To Dave MacAlpine in 2nd year electrical:

Remember me at Flanaagan's on St. Paddy's Day. The bundle you gave me is due any time now and I hear it's a bad year for Platonic movies, so I won't be able to make it.

Love,
Valerie

Godiva's Box
March 6, 1975

I would like to bring to the attention of the Toike Oike that there is another winning Skule sports team besides the Jr. Eng Hockey and Sr. Eng. Basketball teams. Civil 777, one of the intermediate basketball teams won its first playoff game of the sudden death championship series in the same fashion that has characterized its undefeated season. Frank

Baldesarra sunk his last basket on his 50 points with only seconds left, to lead the team to a 85 - 17 victory over Pharmacy B. The team will continue its rampage on Tuesday, March 11 at 9:00 under the leadership of Hugo Blasutta and Frank.

Harold Reinthaler
Civil 777 (Manager)

Dear Godiva: There is an evident increase the amount of crime abounding in this besieged city. The police department is blaming it all on an upsurge in the number of victims. A crime worthy of attention is the quantity of purse snatchings. Have you ever tried getting a snatch in your purse? And how about selling babies? Boy, some people are really fucked. If this article isn't being read right now, that's because it's been stolen.

The Midnight Skulker.

Addressed to the Readers of the Toike Oike:
re: Faculty of Queer Engineers

In the Fall I was quite proud of my son attending U of T's Faculty of Engineering. When he was proud to bring home your so-called newspaper I knew you dudes were influencing this child's tender mind. At Christmas this kid started asking for a shoulder bag just like all the faggots on St. Charles wear. In January he came down with a dose of syph of the asshole. It was with this I knew you women down there are real pigs but please don't take it out on my son. All he does in his spare time these days is talk of stupid fucking calculators. He's got posters of Hewitt Packard & SR 10's and Diginatics all over. When I was

an engineer a few years ago we used to chase some nice ass. You guys should learn what sex of ass of chase in comparison to my queer calculator minded faggot engineer son. Also your last Toike on those dumb jocks was exceptional. You should have made it plain though, that at least our jocks at U of T are better than those queers at York U.

Dear Godiva: I have never had my name in a publication of any kind and hope you will comply with my requests. Being totally honest, I was even refused when I asked to have my name in the list of Alpo's ingredients (no beef by-products). If you do me this favour, I will be forever indebted to you and will even read one of your issues occasionally.

Yours Truly,

Monday, March 19, 1975.

The Butts, U. of T.

Dear Ms. Godiva:

(Here goes another one of my attempts at journalism!) As a devoted Toike reader, and as an even more devoted Artsie, I was compelled to help you answer the question, "What is an Engineer?" Only someone outside the faculty can give an unbiased description of your subject

What Is An Engineer?

What, do you ask, is an engineer? Listen, then, and you shall hear: An engineer, why fancy that! Has taken to wearing a construction hard hat. His mascotess, some "Godiva" chick. I suppose, is someone really slick

The annual due, "The Nites of Skule", Are the exception to a theatrical rule—

For skits and mimes, not humdrum they. Are likely the best of many a play. The "Engi." girls, more now than then, Are really out to find some men.

The regular rag, it's called the Toike, Can always be counted-on for some dirty Joike.

Then, there's the cannon, and chariot races, The jackets, the beer, and the smiling faces,

When all get together for a rollicking fest, And proclaim, that for certain, "Engineering's the Best!"

'Cept an Artsie's more cultured, refined, anyway!

Your devoted Artsie.

Dear Toikers:

Well, another year of tokenism has come to an end. Looking back on your accomplishments this year, you must ask yourselves: Have we really offended people? Have they been urged to write letters to the Varsity decrying the smut of the Toike? Have threatening phone calls been received at the Toike office? If the answers to all these questions is "yes", or even "yea verily", then congratulations, you've had a successful year.

There have been some truly brilliant pieces de resistance this year. The last issue was disgustingly beautiful. Imagine the fury of the jocks as they read your

horrible words of wisdom! And who could forget such goodies as "The Watchtoike" and the "Joy of Skule". I could, for one.

The only disappointing thing about the Toike this year was that it accepted the laundered money of SAC, money taken from the starving masses, money that rightfully belongs to the teeming millions of the third, or even fourth, world. Surely, Shirley, this is an example of how the Toike has prostituted itself for the corrupt, lickspittle morality of a decadent capitalist society! Sputter.

All in all, one could truthfully say that one of the highlights this year was the number and size of ads sold by Mr. J.L. Parker, your obviously competent Mangy Editor. No doubt Mr. Parker studied at the Dan Creed School of Business Sales, making his pitch to potential advertisers almost irresistible. You should have been able to finance the Toike almost solely from advertising revenue, you greedy swine! You will note, future editors of the TTtoike, that it is indeed a wise thing to get your managing editors from Vic.

Well, congratulations, turdballs, and keep up the bad work next year.

Bottoms up,
U. Rinal

Fearless reporter from the frozen wastes of "Fun City"

Ed Note: Thank you for your letter, but I would like to make a correction. John Parker our managing editor did not sell the ads. It was our obviously competitors BUSINESS manager Laurie Simon who did the fine job



4. 10 psia ... 5 ... 3 ... ? ...



1. Doug Hooton
2. John Parker
3. David Jamieson
4. Rose Eng
5. Jim Beaton
6. Eric Hartwell
7. Big Dummy
8. Jim Marko
9. Burpee Jim
10. Rob West
11. Unknown Artsie Faggot
12. Herb Wenzel
13. Graham
14. John Kenny

15 Business Manager: Lawry Simon

TOIKESTAFF PICTURES



2. This isn't my paper either.



3. No, that's me on top!



5. Why would you want to stick it in a beer bottle?



1. 'CUNT' with a 'K'?



LIBBER COUP TAKES OVER ENG SOC
New executive is 50% female



graduating? and then what?

CUSO needs graduate Engineers to share their expertise with the developing countries of Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Caribbean. Whether you teach or work at your professional skills, you'll be making a needed contribution towards international development while gaining professionally as you broaden your experience outside the Canadian environment. Interested? Join us for lunch on March 21 at the International Student Centre, Morning Room, 2nd floor from 12-2 pm. Bring your questions and food ... everyone welcome! CUSO, Canadian Students Overseas, 33 St. George St., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1A1. Phone 928-4022.

Thanks Go To Dick

Well here it is the last issue of the year, sob-sob, quiet weeping, soft violins. At this time it is traditional for the staff of a publication to thank their editor for his guidance and inspiration. Therefore all this being equal, we were going to print an article on the mating habits of the Australian Mongoose in this space, but Pearse said if someone didn't do it he'd piss in the Chicken. So I would like to thank our Dick the editor, or is it our editor the dick. Actually we all owe Dick a lot, but we'll discuss poker at another time. As an editor he doesn't do a bad job, for a mentally deficient pile of decomposing diaphrea. On the other hand he is an Industrial which is as good as excuse as any. After all what do you want from a four foot two inch creatan, four feet of which is mouth. When you subtract that miserable inch and half excuse for a dork there is not much left for brains. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd only use that mouth for what it was intended instead of talking so much. If he had a nickle for every time he opened his mouth he'd be a millionaire by now. Oh well \$750,000 is nothing to laugh at. As they say in south house, "Only the wind blows more than Richard Pearse." But enough flattery.

There is more to Richard Pearse than a mouth that would make a latin magor go green with envy, not a hell of alot but it's there. Dick is a complex individual of many moods. One moment he'll kiss your ass for a dime to play pinball, and a few minutes later he'll turn into a rampaging foamy mouthed maniac when he fails to get a replay. Dick is also a kind and compassionate man. He always has a kind word for the troubled staffer like "Fuck off cunt eyes! Got a dime?" But can such a man command the respect of his staff you ask. In answer to this I can only ask in return, do snakes have armpits?

So thank you Richard Pearse, you twat nosed fart, for all you've done for us. As you journey on through life we wish you every success, though God knows you don't deserve it. If you ever show your face around here again we'll beat the raspberries out of you.

Engineering REFERENDUM

On The Use Of Calculators Questions That Will Be Asked:

Do you own or have access to a pocket calculator?

If Yes: Is it a basic four function calculator?

Do you wish to have the use of pocket calculators in final examinations?
(The non-programmable type)

If No: Would you agree to the use of calculators if one could rent them for a nominal fee?
or

If No: Would you agree if we were assured that the examinations would not become number punching contests?

YES NO

To Be Distributed During Examinations in April.

Educational Article

Jocks at York

Well here it is again folks, back by popular demand, another article by the guy from York. I have been informed that this contribution is supposed to be about jocks, however, before I delve into this

matter, I must first make a few remarks about the treatment given to my illustrious educational institution (YORK, that is, in case you were too busy working on a calculus problem during the first sentence and missed it) in the last issue.

To begin with, in the article which I authored I counted no less than fourteen (14) typographical errors. Surely the typesetter could not be so feeble of mind as to allow such inaccuracy in such simple work, therefore I can only assume that it was some type of plot to make the York student appear as some kind of foolish idiot. However I can see no necessity in this as we all proved this point early in September upon payment of \$660.00 (six hundred and sixty bucks) in tuition fees. Nevertheless this blatant destruction of my word did not, I assure you, go unnoticed. Lucky for you guys, I'm a York student and in keeping with the rest of the humanoid which attend that glorious academy, I DON'T CARE.

All of this does not excuse the senseless unwarranted and scathing attack on York by the editor of this toilet paper. Dick (as he is so fittingly called) has placed himself in the position of the engineers answer to Ralph Nader, not that

what he says is wrong, but in a paper dedicated to humour, the moralizing at the end of "Dick Goes to York" was completely out of place and totally unnecessary. And surely York is a lot funnier than Dick made it out to be.

Now that I've got that out of the way, and before I talk about York jocks, I must tell you of an incident which occurred back on February 14. After completing an enlightening tour of Molson's brewery and being completely put off by the ridiculous conditions of rush hour traffic in Toronto, a couple of friends and myself decided to continue from where we had left off at Molson's, at that old standby, the Brunswick House until the damn thing was over (Christ, it's nothing like this on Steeles Ave. at 5 p.m.) Anyway it appeared to me and my buddy, I'll call him Doug (coz it's his real name) that we had an exciting night

ahead of us, and at a raunchy place like the Brunswick, that's par for the course. I get a real kick out of watching the people in the audience getting up on the stage and singing "Roll Out the Barrel" and "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" etc. (I would go myself but songs like "You're my Existential Baby" and "When you're away (I Feel Like Versafood)" aren't too popular down there).

Well as the night drew on, and we became more and more inebriated I noticed a growing number of blue U of T jackets gathering at the table beside us until finally it seemed to level off at about four tables full. I know you must all be tittering with glee at the thought that now the York student was outnumbered 30 to 1 but I should point out to you that every one of them was a Crest-selling, tooth-polishing, gum-flapping Dentist and were they ever funny. Have you ever seen 30 people

seriously order flouridated beer?

From this point on however the night went downhill. Somehow the taste of beer and a hamburger is altered when one has to listen to conversation about extracted molars, periodontal treatment, root surgery, impacted wisdom teeth and bleeding gums. I attempted to avoid any contact with this medical melange, but somehow they knew that I was a York student (it must have been due to the fact that I was giving the fellow at a neighbouring table a discourse on the meaning of man's existence as opposed to his social significance on a global scale. Damn.) For the remainder of the night these delinquent dental dipsticks were bugging me for cigars, matches and the meaning of life. (any sober dentist should know that such demeaning habits lead to ugly nicotine, tar and ipso facto stains on the teeth).

Finally though this embarrassing episode was put to an end when one of them accused the other of having decayed bicuspid (the worst possible insult) which led to a beer throwing fight and ultimately their overdue ejection from the premises. Uniquely enough, all of this occurred while a degenerate on the stage was singing "All I Want For Christmas is My Two Front Teeth". If these uncivilized types were any example of the calibre of students at your campus, I cannot detect much difference from those at my own besides the fact that you folks must have the freshest mouths in town.

As far as York jocks go, I heard a good one the other day.

Q: If an engineer and a dentist were pushed off a cliff at the same time, which would land first?

A: Who cares?

(Sorry we had to beat you guys so badly in football and hockey this year).

YORK U

Ed: Mal, I know York is such a wonderful place that you can get lost. But for three weeks?

gold 'n gems

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N. IRELAND SAFER THAN U.S.

In recent years world-wide attention has been focussed on the bombings and murders in Northern Ireland. With a certain amount of smugness, North Americans have tended to look upon Northern Ireland with detached, if sympathetic, sense of superiority.

While the problem in Northern Ireland have been given wide recognition by the American media, these problems have not been put in the perspective that they might have been.

In a recent issue *The Berkely Barb* reports that University of Chicago Law Professor Franklin Zimring has observed that — in fact

— the militarily-occupied Northern Ireland is considerably safer than of ten American cities.

According to the latest FBI crime reports, the Professor notes, each of the U.S. "ten largest cities" had a homicide rate higher than that of Northern Ireland.

In fact, the city of Detroit is approximately four times more dangerous than all of Northern Ireland. While Detroit and Ulster have roughly the same populations, homicides in Detroit during just 1973 totalled 24 more than in all of Ulster during the past five and a half years of war.

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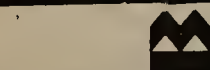
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University and College Sts.

YOR Kind of Place

Hellow down there. Witty York student here with number three in a continuing series of articles educating you folks as to how the other half of this city lives. Just the other day I was strolling between the infamous Ross building (watch out for falling Yorkers, (or pigeon dung) and Stong college, slowly becoming a human popsicle, trying to come up with a good angle for an article directed at a bunch of smartass engineers. However this was next to impossible, as the frisky York weather had frozen virtually all of my brain cells into a state of frosty tranquility. But after prolonged thought IT HIT ME, ... By now you should all be in the middle of a pre-exam test week, so, I figured that since you have so much time between those dinky little tests (don't forget, at York we are too concerned with saving the world to be worried about petty day to day occurrences) one more test wouldn't hurt. In fact you might even learn something.

This should determine once and for all if you made the right decision in going to the firetrap on Queen's Park Crescent or whether you actually belong at that nothing in the middle of nowhere — York. So here we go with the first annual: York "I always wanted to be a lumberjack" University Decision Confirmation Test (Remember, NO PEEKING at the answer before you're finished)

Part A — multiple choice

1. At York, everything is more educated than you think at first, even the trees. The U. of T. has a forest but we at York have a few trees grouped together which are beyond being just a simple forest. They are known as: a) a forest. b) a glade. c) a forest. d) an arboretum. e) a forest.

2. Karl Marx is/are:

a) Groucho and Harop's little known brother. (sorry)

b) a type of fish.

c) the father of modern communism.

d) a former CYSF (SAC at York) president.

e) the marks left after being bitten by Karl Marx.

3. A famous York grad once said, "Give me Versafood and I'll give you death". What, then, is Versafood?

a) a fearsome disease. b) a horrible torture. c) a painful affliction. d) a natural disaster. e) no one really knows for sure.

4. York's name came from:

a) its founder, Ebenezer York.

b) its early days as a peanut butter factory.

c) a spelling error on its first charter (originally it should have been Pork University).

d) Who really cares?

5. Who said: "In other words the for-itself projects being as for itself, a being which is what it is. It is as being which is what it is not, and which is not what it is, that the for-itself projects being what it is."?

a) Jean-Paul Sartre. b) Harvy Kirck. d) Irv Weinstein. d) the Amazing Kreskin. e) Brian McFarlane.

6. The search for reality is an endeavor in futility, for existence is merely a devise by which man maintains his own self-sufficiency and realistic quasi-determination. Why?

a) same as c)

b) a) and c)

c) all of these

d) none of these

e) all except for e)

7. Do you see this paper because it is here or is this paper here because you see it?

a) yes

b) if flies paper wasn't here then you couldn't see it, but maybe not. Hmmm.

c) could you repeat the question?

d) why are you answering these stupid questions.

8. Why?

a) Why not? b) I mean, why not? c) an armadillo. d) because it's there. For the last two questions in this section we will do something a little different. At York, creativity is an integral part of one's success, so to provide you with an opportunity to show how you would fare, the possible answers have been provided below. You just create the question and then choose the correct answer.

9. ?

a) 53 monks. b) surrealistick infantry. c) a gang of black leather jacketed youths. d) Anita Bryant.

10. ?

a) rahr rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

b) the home of existentialism

c) from the seventh floor of the Ross building

d) Elwood Glover

e) Casey Jones (the best damn engineer there ever was) (old joke)

Part B — true or false (circle appropriate answer)

11. Soren Kierkegaard was a York graduate

12. Existence is the disproportionate reality of marinated realization by other than antural means.

13. What is life?

14. There is much apathy to be found on the York campus

15. York is an educational institution

True	False	Don't Care
T	F	D
T	F	D
T	F	D
T	F	D
T	F	D

Well that's it for the test ... now ...

How to Score
for each right answer — score 1
for each wrong answer — score 3
for each 'almost right' answer — score 3
Maximum score 7

Answers
1 d. 2 c. 3 take your pick. 4. d. 5. a. 6. d. 7 d. 8. d. 9. a. 10 d. 11 F. 12 D 13 D 14. D 15. "

Well that was great, wasn't it? And not too hard either. I wish someone would brighten up our newspapers with a friendly little quiz like this (God knows, they could use it).

Now that you've had time to tabulate your score on your miracle Hewlett-Packard calculator I will tell you how it is to be interpreted.

10 Feel proud at yourself, you made at least one right decision in your life.

11 - 20 You wouldn't really fit the York groove scene.
21 - 30 You'd do just as well, wherever you went.
31 - 60 Tough luck. You'd be a hell of a lot better off at York.
61 - 71 You're in the wrong place, buddy!! That's For damn sure!

It's a good feeling to know where you stand and I hope you feel good now that you've completed this little survey. Since this is the final issue for the year, Cliff Richard and I both wish you a happy Summer Holiday and I will leave you with this controversial thought — the only reason people go to York is because it's easier to spell. See you next year.

Joyous Farery Tale

Once upon a time, in a far off land, there were two old, dear, kind people that lived together in a little cottage by a stream. Except for the fact that the old man was subject to violent displays of rampant emotion that usually culminated in hatchet murders, and the old lady a manic depressive, you could hardly tell them apart from someone's grandparents. One day, after the old man had finished sobering up the old battleaxe from one of her drunken binges, they decided he wanted a pumpkin pie for supper.

Well, they had strange customs, and as it goes, they both got together and decided to fart in a large orange pumpkin. It kept them out of trouble, and also cooked the pumpkin at the same time. After they filled it, he went over to the stove and ignited the fire wood with a ferocious blast from his deadly buttocks.

You'd figure that that noxious gas the two airy geezers had filled the pumpkin with would be sure to kill everything within a 10 foot radius. It turned out that there was mice in it, after all. The old bag grabbed her broom and started swatting the mice, and nearly killed them all, except for one, that hid in the toilet bowl. He figured that if he lived in that pumpkin, the toilet would be a breath of fresh air.

They found the mouse and were just about ready to flush it, when it screamed out for mercy, saying it would do the chores, etc. etc. if only they wouldn't flush it, and not make any more pumpkin pie. The old lady softened up, and felt a strange glow of warmth inside. The mouse barely got out of her way, before she released this glow. Anyways, they decided to keep the little crud. The mouse was so happy he crapped on the old man's foot. The mouse saw stars as the old guy kicked his rear end up to his shoulders. The mouse landed in the dishwasher, and disappeared under the suds.

The old man was using the dish towel to clean his shoe, while the old woman was fishing for the little mouse. When she found him,

he looked like a drowned rat. She put him in the oven to dry out while the two of them decided to eat the pie. Needless to say, it tasted like a cow's muppie. It didn't bother them, because the only other choice was TV dinner, which was the very same thing but with a new wrapper around it.

The mouse did dry out and from that day on helped with the chores. Doing the dishes was no problem, because he would jump in the sudsy water, and slide along the dishes. He would help the old man out in the fields by bringing his lunch out to him, though the little pig would gut himself on half of it before the guy got his false teeth around it.

On one particular day, the old man was working extra hard in the fields and so his sorry excuse for a wife made him a large pizza to eat. She told the mouse to take it out to him. Of course, the mouse helped himself to the pizza without a thought. When he finally got it to the farmer, it looked like the old geezers underwear, half-eaten and thread bare. The old guy was so angry, he grabbed the mouse, that he hated anyway, and put him in his back pocket, so he could scold him when he got home. The old guy had eaten beans the night before, and was suffering gas. And the poor mouse was in his back pocket...

At home, he pulled the mouse out of his pocket. It wandered around in a daze, and fell down dizzily. The gas attacks were too much for him. They both decided that the mouse had had enough, and so forgot about the incident. The mouse, now with permanent brain damage was not so lucky.

The little mouse was now so much like a living vegetable, that it was for once a joy to keep around the house. It made a dandy dish scouring pad, and was great for buffing shoes. For as long as it lived with the people, it never once made trouble. It had one taste of the old geezer's farts, and never wanted to make the same mistake again. They all lived happily ever after.

Joe Skule Learns to Fly

Our day opens as we see joe out at the airport signing up to start his training to be a real honest to goodness gold plated pilot.

After he has agreed on the payment to the flying club of an initial 10,000 dollars and his right arm, joe is led outside where he will begin his training. The instructor shows joe what he must learn about the plane before he can go flying. After spending four hours looking over the plane he runs up to his instructor explaining how he has figured out how to open the door.

After all the ground work had been completed joe was finally going to get what he has always wanted, to fly. The instructor took the plane off and then turned over the controls to joe, and that was the mistake he was going to regret. Moments after get the controls the instructor noticed a slight odour so repugnant to his nasal passage that the smell of the putrid slime of hell would have smelled sweet to him. Yes you guessed it, joe had shit his pants so bad that it started to roll down his leg.

So upsetting was the awful stench that the instructor started to go into multiple convulsions vomiting all over the instruments making very difficult to control the plane. Joe needless to say was not thinking this was all so swell. Sitting in the waist deep mulch of shit and vomit was not his idea of having fun. It did not seem like a total waste when he was able to open the door over Sidney Smith, it seemed like a good place to get rid of the awful stuff.

After landing joe was very glad to leave the airport and was sure he would never return. Flying did not seem to agree with him and he did not seem to miss it ...

Article: Bio 110: Just another Skin Disease?

It has been brought to my attention that over 2,000 students at this university are being ravaged by a strange and exotic disease which has come to be known as Rasway Wright Sickness (110). Ha. You laugh. Sure, it's easier to spell than psoriasis or multiple sclerosis, but the consequences are just as grave. At least once a week all those afflicted have an insatiable urge to plug themselves into taperecorders to listen to frustrated disc-jockeys-turned-biology professors explain why the Watson-Crick double helix is the cornerstone of the entire free world. (This malady is not to be confused with Galbraith's Syndrome, which is characterised by a criminal record, an extra pair of chromosomes and serosis of the liver).

However, serious as the situation may be, attempts are being made to alleviate the suffering by N. Dengler and the rest of the motorcycle gang down in the Bio 110 office who have instituted a program of therapy, cunningly disguised as a first year biology course. Every two weeks victims of the illness are required to submit to an "Oral Evaluation", which sounds like it should be given by a member of the opposite sex and in a broom closet, but, surprise, surprise, it's nothing like that.

Also offered is a program with the provocative and alluring title "Sex and Behaviour". I guess a lot of people thought they were going to get to do homework, because that particular course had an enrollment list that read like the entire troupe of the Moscow State Circus. Also available is a course aptly named "Descriptive Biology", which entails reciting the scientific nomenclature for certain parts of the human body from a telephone booth of Spadina, while at the same time breathing heavily into the receiver and trying to remember the unlisted number they gave you, so that you can write it down in the can later.

These are just a few of the measures instituted by the 110 Smiles 'n Chuckles Squad, to help rehabilitate those stricken with Ramsey Wright Sickness, and allow them to lead useful and productive lives. Hooray for the Bio 110 office! Help stem the tide of communism! Brush after every meal. Who wants gum?

Dr. Mortimer J Smud SJR

Cows and Politics Made Simple

Do you have trouble understanding Communism or Fascism? If so, the following primer should clear it up for you. (Taken from The Manitoban).

SOCIALISM - You have two cows. Give one to your neighbour.

COMMUNISM - You have two cows. Give both to Gov't. The Gov't gives you milk.

CAPITALISM - You sell one cow and buy a bull.

FASCISM - You have two cows. Give milk to Gov't. Gov't sells it.

NAZI-ISM - Gov't. shoots you and takes cows.

NEW DEALISM - Gov't shoots one cow; milks the others, and pours milk down the sink.

ANARCHISM - Keep cows. Shoot Gov't. Steal another cow.

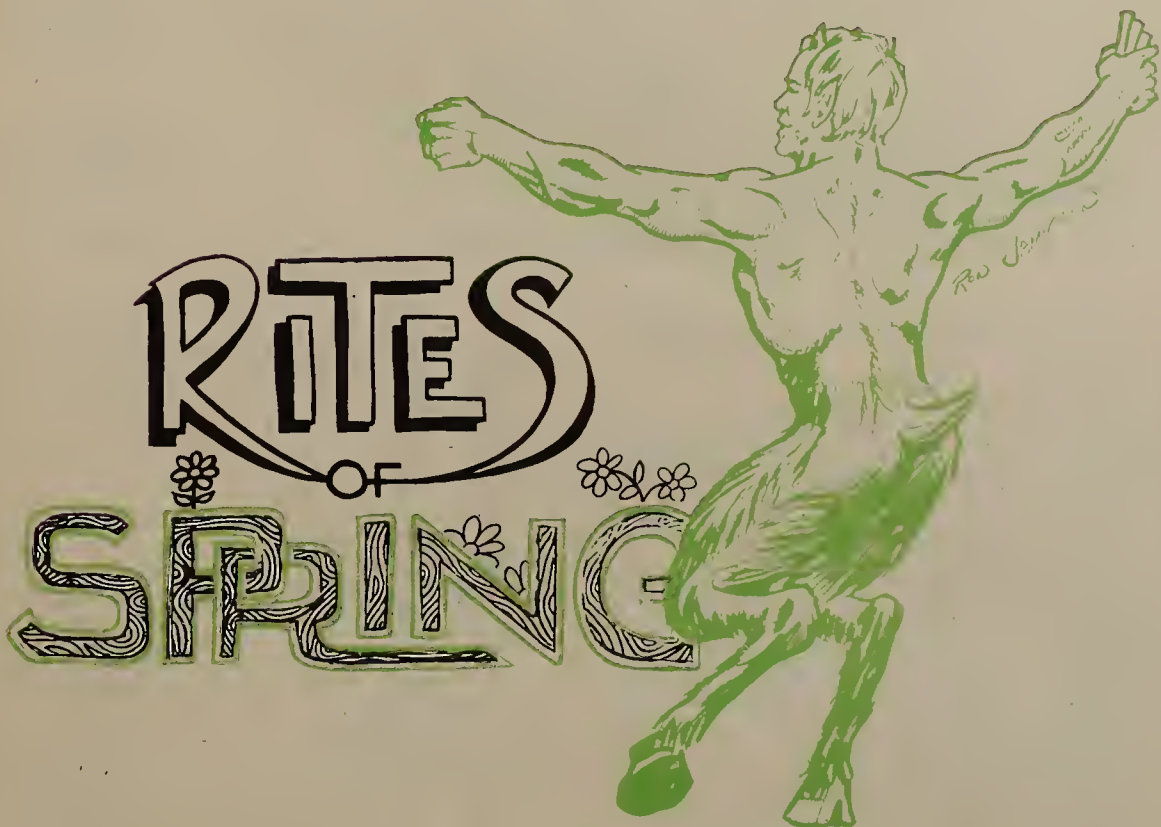
CONSERVATISM - Embalm the cows. Freeze milk.

**THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY
PROUDLY PRESENTS
ANOTHER CROSS-CAMPUS**

~~October~~ f (JUST A MINUTE,
THAT WAS
LAST OCTOBER)

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**ADVANCE SALES AT ENGINEERING STORES
(1 day in advance)**

Refreshments Will Be Served

Why did the TTC subway strike not have any effect on the engineers?
The sewers were still running.

Why do engineers keep their hands above their heads when taking a bath?
To keep the toilet seat from hitting them on the head.

What is an engineer's marriage proposal?
You're having a what?

How does an engineer dance the limbo?
By trying to squeeze under the door of a pay toilet.

What do you have when 12 engineers sit on your front lawn?
Fertilizer.

Why are all the engineers downtown and the artists at Erindale and Acarborough?
Erindale and Scarborough had first choice.

Did you hear about the engineer who got mad and threw himself on the ground?
He missed.

Did you hear about the engineer who asked everyone to save the burned out light bulbs? He needed them as he was building a dark room.

A recent survey on cigarette smoking says that 99% of the engineers that tried camels still prefer women.

JOIKES IN BAD TASTE



1st Artsie: I hear amputation is expensive.

2nd Artsie: Yes, it costs an arm and a leg.

One day a jock walked up to a girl selling lottery tickets. Hoping to have him purchase one, the girl asked the jock: 'Do you feel lucky?'; when the jock replied to this she slapped him in the face.

A women's libber so bothered her husband with her preoccupation that he decided they should have a his and hersterectomy.

A recent study has concluded two things:

- 1) The queers of the world will never unite.
- 2) Cash crops defy the law that money doesn't grow on trees.

A jock thinks that stiff competition means an olympics for arthritic patients.

A man ran into a saloon and yelled "Fire" and everyone did.

9 JOKES — HA HA From Doug Hooton

I was talking to an engineer the other day and I asked him, "Have you ever seen Ray Charles' House?" He replied in the usual fashion, "Duh." Then I baffled him with the snappy answer, "neither has he." I watched as a drop of ooze appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Did you hear that there is no shit in Britain because all of their assholes are over here.

There was a mathematician named Hall,
Who had a hexiquidronical ball,
The cube of its weight,
His pecker plus eight,
Is his phone number; give him a call
(his first name is Bruce)

There once was a girl from Decator,
Who made love to an alligator,
He was caught,
He knew he'd be shot,
So after he tucked her, he ate her.

Marta, our new Eng. Soc. president, is an outstanding woman; Right new she is out standing at Jarvis and Dundas.

Definition of gross ignorance — 144 engineers.

How do you get an engineer out of the bath tub? Turn on the water. Doctors don't circumcise engineers anymore. They were throwing away the best part.

Definition of a dope ring — 15 engineers sitting in a circle.

Engineers ear hard hats so they know which end to wipe.

Did you hear about:
The engineer who had an asshole transplant. The asshole rejected him.

Engineer's shinskabob — a flaming arrow shot through a garbage can.

POLICE GO BESERKE

The U. of T. police will offer Human Sacrifice on April 1, at high noon. The reason is very simple, between Sept. and Dec. of the Fall term (74) over 100 million pennies (\$1 million) worth of property has either disappeared or been destroyed (amiciously). As a result the administration has been jumping up and down on the bluffs to produce a sacrifice.

The information that I am releasing is contained in a report that I have secured.

NOTE: 2 boxes of ICS, that were being held for 4 other universities got up on their hind legs and walked off. A couple of thousand went there:

ITEM: two, 2741 terminals were found with a variety of parts missing. It is of interest that the police have a description. Supplied by two witnesses, of the person who stripped down one of the machines.

OF INTEREST: 68,000 quarters (that's \$17,000) worth of bell equipment has gone A.W.O.L.... the people with whom this stuff is hiding with, should know that there were some fingerprints left in a couple of bedrooms. Since they don't match any known bell employee, it would therefore seem that ma bell has a few extra people working for it.

INFORMATION: A U. of T. student (a non-engineer) was arrested for attempting to sell a calculator, which had for some funny reason disappeared from the physics building into his hot hand.

Because most of the calculators were bought before the recent price drop, they are valued at over \$200,000 each. Which generally means Kingston (not the university).

What most people do not know about the calculators is that the chips have encored on them a cerical no. The only way to remove it is to destroy the chip (a blow

from a sledgehammer, a mulf or a 90 ton tank would do nicely).

I could go along this view (that's a meds joke) for a considerable length of time (just like a Prof.) but I will summarize what has been taken: paintings, tables, chairs, desks, rugs, plants, (enough to equip several rooms at new or trin.). Drills, screwdrivers (not the drink). Sodering equipment, lights, telephones (including pay type). Copper tubing and wire. Plus various electrical equipment (it would seem that someone their own industrial plant). Fire-extingers and hosts (!!! ??? !!!!!). And finally books (especially Erindale and Pre-Med).

I will just find this writing with a list of hints:

1. If by March 20 no borrowed equipment has been returned, a list composed of 50 engineers, 20 NFW, 15 Trin., 11 university, 9 Erin., 8 Scar., and 5 Knox students will be published in a newspaper along with these items that they failed to return.
2. It would be best if the goods were left in a safe spot (where they cannot be stolen) and phone 928-2323 to inform on the goods.
3. To all steam tunnel fans ... spot patrols are being instated ... Beware!!
4. To all key holders (building, floor, and master-master) it would be advisable to mail in your keys (to you-know-who) because if you are caught you will become a human sacrifice. (A funny thing happened over Christmas and 40 of the keys fell into police hands).

5. To the editor:
SIR.

Attached is an interesting item. This tem along with a few sticks of 60%, will come through your window if this article is not published.

Sincerely

SWAG — Engineering initials for Scientific Wild Ass Guess.

ARTSIE: Do you like codfish balls?
An ENGINEER: I don't know, I've never been to one.

What is an engineer's seven course dinner? A ring of bologna and 6 bottles of beer.

An engineer's mother (?) was baking. Her son (an engineer dummy) entered and asked, "Ma, can I lick the bowl?" "No," she said, "Flush it like everyone else."

Definition of a cad: An engineer who doesn't tell his wife he's sterile until after she's pregnant.

Engineers make the best astronauts — they took up space in school.

The engineer bought his wife a washer and dryer for Christmas ... A douche bag and a towel.

Did you hear about the engineer who thought Moby Dick was a venereal disease?

Did you hear about the engineer in the outhouse who put one leg in each hole and crapped his pants?

Confuscious say: Engineer who cooks and peas in same pot, very unsanitary. Did you hear about the bomb dropped on the engineering annex? \$50,000 damage to the bomb.

What is an engineering cookout? A fire in a garbage can.

What do you get when you mate a gorilla with an engineer? A retarded ape.

Artsman: do you always drink your beer that fast?

Not-an-Engineer: Yep. Ever since my accident.

Artsman: Oh, you had an accident recently?

Not-an-Engineer: Yep, some guy knocked my beer over.

We've heard it rumoured lately that the Vatican is freezing flavoured Holy Water and selling the product as Popesicles.

For obvious reasons, the Toike isn't going to print the one about the plastic surgeon who hung himself.

Other joikes that the Toike will never publish:

- the rule at Loretto: lights out by ten, candles by eleven.
- the fastest four-handed game in the world — when it slips out.

Gay-Boy Godiva's Hymn ENGINEERS SONG

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers.
Although we call you gay and such, it's we who are the queers.
We brag about the girls we've laid, and make alot of noise,
But we don't give a shit for a cunt or a tit, we'd rather stay with the boys.

Godiva was a lady who to Coventry did ride.

She didn't wear a single stich of clothing on her hide.

The townsmen all came running and the engineer of course,

Who was trying to figure out how he could get to fuck the horse.

Chorus:

A boat race with a scientist against an Engineer.

Was held to see which one of them excelled at drinking beer.

The skuleman had but half a glass and fell upon the floor,

While the Sci-boy in the mean time had consumed a 24.

Chorus:

Industrials are boring and mechanicals are gay,
And chemicals like seven year old girls for their prey.
Electricals do god knows what to quench their kinky thirst,
And the civils all are drag queens but the Eng. Sci's are the worst.

Chorus:

'JOY OF SEX' FOR CHILDREN: (EARTH NEWS)

What may turn out to be the most controversial book of 1975 is a children's book called "Show Me." Its editor, Paul De Angelis of St. Martin's Press describes it as a sort of "Joy of Sex" for children.

The book, which features large and elegant photos of lots of naked kids, is designed as a serious sex education manual. The big difference between it and other attempts is that the photos depict children engaged in what some folks will almost certainly consider pornographic activities.

In a style written for children, the text discusses the entire range of human sexuality in blunt, non-sensense language. De Angelis admits that the book will stir controversy when it's released in May. But he says the publisher is confident that it will pass all legal tests, and major retailers are already beginning to order it. The book originally appeared last year in West Germany where it weathered a serious court challenge as obscene. It went on to become a strong best seller there following dismissal of charges.

Position Open On TOIKE OIKE

**Editor.
Managing Editor.
Business Manager.**

**Send Applications
To Eng. Soc.
C/O President**

Mechanical Engineering Types

Vain person — One who loves the smell of his own farts.

Amiable person — One who loves the smell of other people's farts.

Proud person — One who thinks he can let loud farts.

Shy person — One who lets silent farts and blushes.

Impudent person — One who lets loud farts and laughs.

Scientific person — One who bottles his farts.

Unfortunate person — One who tries fart but shits.

Bewildered person — One who doesn't know his own farts from others.

Nervous person — One who farts and tells everyone it was he.

Dishonest person — One who farts and blames the dog.

Foolish person — One who keeps his farts in.

Prompt person — one who always has a fart ready.

Miserable person — one who can't fart.

Unsociable person — One who doesn't like the smell of farts.

Disappointed person — one whose farts don't stink.

Strategic person — One who covers his farts with a cough.

Deluded person — one who enjoys other people's farts and thinks they're his.

Clever person — One who tells by his neighbour's fart what they ate.

Mean person — One who farts in bed and shakes the covers over his wife's head.

Wise person — One who farts and asks "Who the hell shit?"

Common Philosophy of dog and mechanical engineer: If you can't eat it or fuck it piss on it!

B.F.C.s

FROM: The Brute Force Committee, Munster Division
TO: All Toronto Press
For Immediate Release

The University of Toronto Engineering Society Brute Force Committee (Munster Division), which does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist, denies that any members of this non-existent Committee committed any of the following acts of the night of Sunday, March 16th.

1. At 22:30 hours, the Chief (a mythical figure) and 5 men of his merry band (no relation to the L.G.M.B., another mythical Committee) met in the second floor of the Engineering Annex (a mythical building).

2. At 22:00 hours, 10 seconds behind schedule, the first beer bottle was opened.

3. At 23:05 hours, the last bottle of the 6 cases of beer was finished and all the men were merrier. The Chief then proceeded to lead them in this merry cheer ... bur-uuuuuu-rrrrrrrr-ppppp-ee (a mythical cheer).

4. At 23:05 hours (35 seconds behind schedule) the meeting was adjourned. All the non-existent members then proceeded to arm themselves with all available weapons, ie. paint brushes, rollers, paint cans, and exited the premises.

5. 23:27 - Walking past the SAC Offices we noticed that the SAC Dome had been painted Orange (probably by some foul member of the SDS ie. The Shit Disturbing Society). Being Irish at Heart, or at least as drunk as one, decided it was our duty to rectify the situation.

6. 24:00 - Perpetrated the unhallowed halls of SAC (unfortunately not mythical) went up to the Dome and proceeded to do what came (?) naturally.

7. 02.41.65 (30 seconds behind schedule) finished our art work and exited through a back window while 2 Mickey Mice looked through the window of the fire doors.

8. After an exciting chase through the Park managed to get away and found a nice pub to last the rest of the night.

Furthermore the Brute Force Committee (Munster Division) emphatically denies putting out this mythical Release.

What does it take to build the world's smallest scientific calculator?

About three hours. And \$49.95

Designing the Sinclair Scientific was no small feat of engineering. But you don't have to be an engineer to assemble it with our kit.

Now you can put together the world's thinnest, lightest scientific calculator from eight groups of components, using only a soldering iron and a pair of cutters.

(Complete instructions are included, of course. And our Service Department will help you with any questions that come up.)

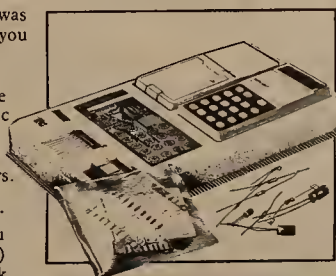
For an incredible \$49.95, look what the Sinclair Scientific can do:

sin and arcsin
cos and arccos
tan and arctan
automatic squaring
automatic doubling
log and antilog (base 10)
giving quick access to x^y (including square and other roots)
four basic arithmetic functions
plus scientific notation (10^{-99} to 10^{+99}).

To be a really valuable tool, a scientific calculator must provide all of the above.

A calculator without scientific notation severely limits the size of numbers with which you can work easily. And scientific notation without transcendental functions is little more than window dressing on an arithmetic calculator.

Less than 3/4-inch thin and 3 3/4-ounces light, the British-made Sinclair Scientific isn't just portable. It's pocketable.



Kit Components

Coil
LSI chip
Interface chips
Printed circuit board
Keyboard panel
Electronic components pack
Batteries, battery assembly and on/off switch

Case mouldings, with buttons, windows and light-up display in position
Soft carrying wallet
Comprehensive instructions
Assembly time is about 3 hours.

Specifications

Functions:

4 arithmetic
2 logarithmic
6 trigonometric

Keyboard:

18 key format with 4 "triple-action" function keys

Display:

5-digit mantissa
2-digit exponent (both signable)

Exponent:

200-decade range, from 10^{-99} to 10^{+99}

Logic:

Reverse Polish, with post-fixed operators

Power Source:

Battery operated with 4 AAA batteries

Size: 4 3/8" high;

2" wide; 1 1/16" thick

Weight: 33.4 oz.

sinclair
SCIENTIFIC
The logical choice.

The low \$49.95 price includes:

- *One Year Warranty on Correctly Assembled Calculators
- *Pocket Carrying Case

Introductory bonus offer — Bring in this ad and receive a free set of batteries with your purchase.

OR - if you don't require scientific functions, take a look at the SINCLAIR CAMBRIDGE - four-function calculator with many extras. Some compact size. Kit form. And ... now only \$29.95.



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Calendar of Engineering Courses

Mechanical Engineering

Year I How to recognize screws (metal or wood) without breaking into a rash.

II How to use screwdrivers whenever screws are encountered. Only right hand models available.

III How to apply previous two years experience to real life situations such as installing toilet paper roll dispensers.

IV Write a paper on why the fuck you should be unleashed on an unsuspecting, undeserving populace. Better to give hundreds of reasons, for any could serve to cause mankind irreparable damage.

Industrial Eng.

Year I Sweet Dick All - the finer art of fucking around and barbecuing another year ... by Ricky Pearse.

II The study of random probability of a room full of Industrials coming up with a coherent sentence. (A two week course)

III Learn how to piss by first undoing your fly.

IV Learn to piss by undoing fly after finding out if you are a guy. (Likely, none in Ind. Eng.)

Engineering Science

Year I In between loafing and doing absolutely fuck all, you select the philosophy course best suited to you after you flunk out miserably.

II Learning to spell effectively. Or at least how to fart with finesse.

III How to play bridge with less than two people.

IV How to fart in a bag for fun and profit, and solve the energy crisis in one shot (spot).

The University of Toronto Engineering Alumni Association is proud to announce that Paul Baker has been appointed President of the Permanent Executive of the Class of 7T5. The executive is set up as follows:

President

Vice-President

Secretary-Treasurer

Course reps:

:Paul Baker

:Dana Shtun

Glen Scott

Civil: Lawry Simon

or Owin Zendei

Mech: Gerry Brunka

Ind: Paula Tsuruoka

Eng. Sci: Peter Hodes

Chem: Paul McLean

Elec: Steve Cress

Met: Barry Hong

Geol: Juris Balins

482-4461

961-7381

439-6728

783-1211

789-5703

532-3852

651-7372

223-9165

241-3455

622-1599

751-7723

489-1065

Get in touch with your course representative to find out when the first reunion is. (It's a convocation you turkeys).

Impure Statistics

Little Polly Nomial was out walking around again, randomly strolling through the split block apartments near her domain. Her mother had warned her over ANOVA not to show off her descriptive characteristics with such relative frequency.

Polly screamed back at her mother, saying "This is the latest trend. All the Student's are wearing this. Besides, I am an independent variable, and I should be allowed several degrees of freedom." Without waiting to consider other factors, she got up from the t-table and left.

Lurking among the apartments was F! Test. He was a standard deviation by normal comparisons, and he hadn't had one tail in several weeks. Polly walked by, feeling well within a 95% confidence interval. Since her last sample of an orthogonal contrast, she still hadn't rejected the null hypothesis that she could experience the same event twice.

"Oh ho! It is little Polly Nomial. I hear you exhibit no significant resistance during combinatorials. Come over here, I am dying of expectation."

Polly replied indignantly, "Don't give me Nogive, you homogeneous sampling error."

"You have gone too far. Now I will have to take repeated measures. You knew the Z-score before you left your nested design," he screamed, and proceeded to decile her body. He intended to get at her between samples for an F distribution.

He removed her parameters to get at her critical regions. He approached her binomial inflection points with one hand, while the other sought her special transformation. Polly had no intention of having another paired comparison. She let him have it, chi-squared in the spherical between samples.

Having made it intuitively obvious that she would not exhibit linear trends, she went off to a more normal population. There would be no interaction for F! Test.

At home, Polly regressed to her mother saying that she didn't want independence; there was no place like homogeneity. But, if we know Polly, it is only a conditional probability.

A Crash Course In Culture For Engineers

In the coming months many of our senior skulemen will leave us to venture forth into the REAL WORLD. They will be leaving behind them friends, memories, various progeny, and hopefully a few habits. In the course of his career the engineer will upon occasion have to deal with real people. It is with this in mind that the T'ike presents its "Crash Course in Culture."

One of the important aspects of culture is music. Vognur (pronounce Wagner, stupid damn krouts) is one of the culprots here. Along with composing several well known beer drinking songs, including "She's too fat for me" he is also responsible for about fifty hours of operatic bullshit about some asshole who lost his ring, and ladies with horny hats. Martini and Rossini were very big in their field or vineyard as the case may be. They were well known as composers for the Bugs Bunny show, putting out such smash hits as the William Tell Overture and the Barber of Seville. Beethoven gained notoriety for dropping movements everywhere he went. Bach (rymes with yuchi) is perhaps the most important figure in classical music. Here it is not very vital to know all that much, it will suffice to roll one's eyes, and say, "Ah yes, Bach!"

A cursory knowledge of English literature is another vital facet in becoming cultured. To begin with there is Chaucer. He is known as the father of modern English. This is probably because he really fucked things up whenever he tried to write it. The next major contributor was William Shakespeare. No doubt you will have read several of his works in high skule, such goldies as "A Midsummer Nights Wet Dream" and "Romeo and Juliate" the touching story of two wap ball freaks. Shakespeare was also well known for his inspired titles, such

as "Sonnet thirty-seven". In industrialised England Charles Dickens was the rage. He was the author of such well known stories as "Twisted Oliver" and "A Tail of Two Cities" the story of two men who posed for each other. Need we say more? It is also Dickens who is the author of that all too familiar story for some of us "Great Expectations". In modern times Existentialism has been a major force in literature. However since according to this philosophy nothing matters anyway we will skip the whole mess.

Familiarity with some of the grand masters of art is vital to the pseudo-intellectual skuleman. Art was invented in the renaissance by medieval skulemen to occupy the predecessor of the modern artsy. Foremost among these great skulemen was Leonardo de Vinci, famous for his Moaning Lisa, (we know why she's smiling). Micky Angelo a pupil of de Vinci's was the first Artsy. He is remembered for carving nude men in marble. You think that is kinky, you haven't seen nothing yet. How about this guy Van Gogh (does not rhyme with yuchi). He sat in front of a mirror painting self portraits and cutting off his ears. Definitely sick!

Thus armed and prepared the skuleman may make successful sallies forth into the higher social echelons, though for what reason Godiva only knows. The studious engineer should be able to defend himself in any situation, from a elassy cocktail party to general shit shooting. Watch for up cuming features in the Crash Course series. Cumming soon is the T'ike Crash course in Math, or what to do if your calculator breaks down.

\$500,000 Grant to Study U. of T. Ass-Kissers

Since many of the students have, at one time or another witnessed a BK in action, the U of T has applied for a Gov't loan to study this problem in detail. The University wishes to know whether there are any commercially available inventions to make the job of butt smacking an easier, more productive, satisfying jnb. Satisfying only to the BK of course, for how often have you been subjected to the sickening sound of lips slurping in unison, whenever a prof. hikes his leg?

After some research, and a little ass kissing, we have found several aids for the well equipped Ass Kisser. The following items are a must for any BK that has been embarrassed by unsightly blistered lips, or unwanted brown 'rings around the collar'.

A Two Pound Chap Stick.

Any BK worth his lips can tell you that this lipsaver is invaluable when exams draw near. As that final date approaches, there are mad rushes to get into the line-up waiting to smother the prof. or tutor in lavish praise of his attire, or choice in cars, or even for the little jokes he had thoughtfully printed up on the seat of his pants, to relieve the boredom for the BK while he is in action.

Lypsol Cooled Ass Kissing Lips (Asbestos Lined)

For the accomplished butt smacker, these marvels of modern day engineering are just the thing when the going gets rough. A small fan, driven by the incessant flow of hot air from the BK drives a pump that keeps soothing, healing Lypsl passing over his lips to take up excess heat. The asbestos lining is a safeguard, should the lypsl fail. This has actually been known to happen, when, in pre-Meds, BK's have been reported to take strafing runs of whole lines of professors.

Muzzle Guards

This new item has just been developed due to the unprecedented demand in the pre-Meds Courses already mentioned. Competition among these BK's has been known to be rather violent, with some professors having to resort to unflavoured Preparation H. This device is a check for over-aggressive behaviour, where the smacker, in attempts to get a bigger piece of the professor, actually does bit off more than he can chew. A mistake like this could make the hours spent picking lint out of the teeth a total waste.

Hydrogen Sulphide After-Shave or Perfume.

In order to completely monopolise the prof.'s time, a liberal dosage of this 'herbal' essence, and the BK will smell like a freshly unearthed pile of fermenting horse buns. This will ensure that the BK will be unhindered when cornering the professor. Caution: to make sure that the prof. is not down wind of you when you approach, it is recommended that the butt smacker spray only his pants, incase it offends the prof. However, it has been reported that, in the mad rush to get at the professor, whole lines of BK's have mistakenly formed circles, smacking the slurping away diligently on each other's asses, while the professor has long since retired.

It is easy to see, that, with the remarkable new creations just listed, the well equipped Ass Kisser can look forward to many productive years of suck holeing.

The relationship between the muscular movements of the laugh and the fart

by Richard Speck R.O.T.
J. Black R.O.T.
(Researchers of Thought)

We propose that there is a relationship between the laughing cycle and the emission of fecal odours. Some person's bodily functions are such that a harbouring of lethal vapours constituting immense proportions would result in an unhomeostatic-like state both to the harbourer and those who have the unfortunate luck of being located in the immediate vicinity.

Ms. Nature in her foresight and lack of foreskin, and her having a nose for such things, used great intestinal fortitude in so designing the homeo sapien so as not to be a reeking gas-bag. This has resulted in minimal dinner date cancellations, impromptu house visits (by impromptu), and saying to a religious skunk "Let us spray". How does this phenomenon come to be realized?

Due to the nature of this occurrence, research has been minimal. The theory is that there is a cyclic effect between muscles, nerves and hormones. The theory proposes that whilst laughing, an involuntary mechanism causes a relaxation of such anal sphincter muscle so that an ejection of rather foul-smelling methane diffuses in the immediate atmosphere. So what, you may ask? A fat lot you know. This process aids the body by releasing noxious vapours in amounts completely within the jurisdiction of F.A.R.T. (Federal Anal Research Technicians study group). Thus a person laughing at regular intervals can cause himself and others no embarrassment whatsoever as one cannot emit a flatulence of too great proportions.

Today's society seems to be a setback to Ms Nature's built-in functions. Researchers believe that with increasing social and economic pressures people arwuughing at much greater intervals of time therefore jeopardizing such social

relationships as previously mentioned. Indeed, a study could be made (take heed artsies) determining for certain whether or not there is more gas per capita now than there has been in prior years. This would not in itself settle the issues at hand, for one could also attempt to check for qualities to see if the quality has degenerated over the years.

Under the assumption that increasing pressures in day to day life result in decreased alughing the government has instituted a national program to alleviate the situation. To begin with, a monitoring system has been placed at various strategic points in the cities of the nation to check gas levels in the atmosphere. When a level of 40 is reached, Libby's is required to cut back production by 50%. These strategic monitoring systems are to be found at Victoria, St. Mikes, the CNE, RIVERDALE ZOO, and any other artsie haunting grounds we failed to consider.

Much research data has been collected and compiled by these two researchers in the field (and in laboratories) and a condensed version of the findings are presented here. When laughing initiates itself, a hormone is secreted which travels in the endocrine system until it reaches the trap door covering the anus and opens it. The hormone must be released at regular intervals for if the gas-buildup is too great the hormone won't go near the place (would you?) and further gas pressure would cause the person in question to be blown to shit (see F.A.R.T.).

What does all this mean to the average person? First we must determine what average means. A quick mathematical definition is Person 1 + Person 2 + Person 3 + ... + Person N
N

Even though we still don't know what the average really means, we will continue.

Have you ever wondered why people smile? Did they just fart? One should be wary of perpetual smilers; there may be more than meets the eye, the nose etc. You may have just thought that there was a certain air about them. A common fallacy is what fat people are so jolly. If you ate so much you'd have to laugh to let it out often too. Alternately, those who seldom laugh are to also be avoided as they may one day explode when you least expect them to. The Arts and Scient departments of University must indeed have exceptionally jovial members. Why else would they be called Artsie Fartsies.

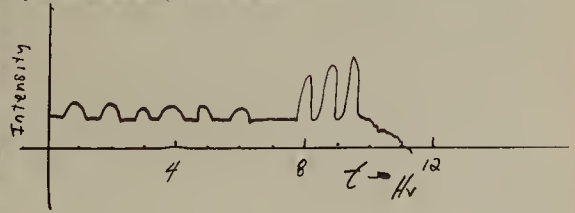
For those who are wondering boy scouts do not learn to tie willknots. If you have reason to suspect anyone of not laughing for a period in excess of 7 days please report them to the emergency branch of FART, called P.H.E.W. (Phorcing Humans to Emit Weekly). This is a government service provided for those who cannot laugh for themselves.

We the R.O.T. (Researchers of Thought), as in a lot of will in the future be discussing how to exterminate rats by putting shards of glass in their holes; and also how to hold them while doing it.

Any reproduction (sexual or otherwise) of this article in whole or in part (no typographical error here) is not permitted or you will be forced to dance cheek to cheek.

The graph presented herein represents a summary of tests performed on a patient. The periods between time 0 and time 6 were perceived as normal propagations of gas. Each period where there is a peak corresponds to an increase in laughter. The laughter was

controlled and caused by the same stimulus — and hourly film showing of an elderly couple frenching. After the 6th period, bean and cabbage — buffet style, was served and a two-hour period lacking the stimulus was initiated. After this two-hour store and save period, the hourly stimulus was recontinued with extraordinary results. Unfortunately, after the 11th period, the intensity was so great



Beware the Ides of March

On Saturday March 15, 1975 at 1:30 P.M. began the first annual L.G.M.B. Ides of March Parade and Subway takeover. Not having any spectators as we left the stores we immediately captured a Grey Coach sightseeing bus and ransomed the passengers for two bottles of beer each. Next stop was Bill Davis Place (Queen's Park). After playing his favourite piece (Disney's fifth) we warned Bill to "Beware the Ides of March". The parade proceeded along Wellesley to Yonge where the fun began. Playing to a captive audience (also ransomed for two bottles of beer each) the band ran into its first obstacle. While hiding our instruments and saying, "Band? What band?" we passed the two

policemen in the paddy wagon without any problem but not without warning them to beware the Ides of March. By the time we reached Dundas we had a large crowd following us (they were released a day later, unharmed). Seeing more obstacles in front of us, we Great Escaped into the subway, where we took over control of the TTC subway system for about twenty minutes. After this we got bored because we've got electric trains on our own. The subway cars were ransomed for a bottle of Tequila each, the passengers, after seeing the ransom stayed with us. All in all, it was just another of the spectacular concerts and parades the L.G.M.B. is known for.

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 - X² KEY — finds square of number displayed
 - SQUARE ROOT KEY — Finds square root of number displayed
 - "=" — Enters the value of pi
 - Trig Function Keys — Sine Key • Cosine Key • Tangent Key • Arc Key (entered as a prefix to a trig function key if the inverse is sought)
 - Y^x KEY — Raises a number to the power of another
 - X^{1/y} KEY — an exchange key that enables factor reversal
 - "e" KEY — Commands the calculator to raise the value of e to the displayed power
 - Log Functions • Common Log Key — to determine the common log
 - Natural Log Key — to determine the natural log
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 - Natural Antilog — Use "e" key to determine the natural antilog

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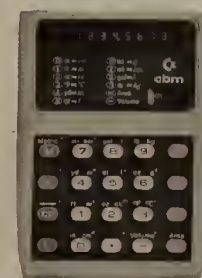
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The Engineer

Marriage is when a man and a woman find out if her plans correlate with what he is going to do! The instant my wife says she will promise to love, cherish and OBEY I'll snap the shackle tight around her neck, the chain will be adjustable of course, it will allow movement to all the important parts of the house, the bedroom, the stove, the washer and dryer and even the garbage pail. I must emphasize that the last thing I want from a woman after a hard day at the office is to put up with lip. So she better learn to keep her mouth shut, if she refuses it's out with the dog; and if I hear one complaint from the dog she'll really be in trouble. Mind you I'm not fussy, the Lord knows I'm easy to get along with but just the same the house better be immaculate when I get home, a long drink waiting, and then a good quiet hot supper; after which I'll curl up with a good book and my pipe in front of the television. The last thing I want to hear is that Jonathan did poorly on a test or that Josef misbehaved. As you will have noticed all my heirs will be men; if my wife knows

whats good for her; and I'll raise them hard and strict, no pampering or protecting my kids, they better learn fast that its a women eat man world out there so they must learn to stand on their own two feet. But if her kids break my antique beer holder with the 25 gallon refill I'll whale the tar out of them!!! The last thing I want is a bunch of nuisance girls playing with dolls, giggling over nothing and tying up the phone when I want to find out the time or phone dial a prayer.

I've had it with these weakling who have the odacity to call themselves men telling me that I should be kind and loving to my wife, that I should apologize confining my wife to the broom closet; listen brother the day you do that is the day of your Munich, she has now found a weakness, a chink in your armour and she'll slowly try to exploit it till she's running the house. May God have mercy on the world then! The next thing you know she will be telling you to stop smoking those vile banana skins in bed, and to stop dumping the cracker crumbs and cigar ashes in ber rose vase.

FLASH

Last week during a very cold spell four St. Mike's students were found missing. They had last been seen trekking across Queen's Park. Due to the extremity of the weather they were feared frozen. A search was conducted which turned up four brass monkeys with no genitals who turned out to be not the missing artsies but rather the governing council and two members of Caput. Various theories as to the whereabouts of the four artsmen were put forth. None proved to be correct. Three smudge marks were examined on Queen's Park Crescent but it was decided that they could not be the remains of the artsmen due to the low content of certified manure found to be present in these smudges.

The search continued throughout

Christendom and at St. Mike's too but ne'er a hair turned up. Mrs. Evans was quoted saying "My heavens" when told about the whole mess.

Never fear though, all four students have been located. They never even left the campus! They were examined and the problem of their disappearance has been solved! It seems the weather was so cold that their brains froze which is not surprising since they are 98% water. It seems that all four were found in the mining building, teaching Engineering.

Timothy O'Hara SMC III
(with the help of an old joke)

P.S. I honestly don't understand how all guys can expect to get jobs driving trains.

The Big Run

Eustace sat in his beat up old volks, as the engine idled rather sickly on three pistons. Thick clouds of blue smoke poured from the little exhausts as quarts of oil successfully evaded the rings.

He suddenly flicked the switch marked "Engine", and then headers dropped out the side of the running boards. A massive ball of red-blue flame burst out of the mufflers as the three pistoned starter motor brought the V 18 to life. It idled at 3 rpm, with incredibly throaty sounds. It sounded like a dinosaur with diaphragma.

He reached back into the back seat and grabbed his three pound house brick and dumped it on the gas pedal, bending it out of shape. The front wheels were locked by a special mechanism as the tires in the rear glowed a molten cherry

red, like lava as the rubber sheared off in massive lumps. The entire frame shook with the seven hundred horses he had caged in only nine hundred cubes. It was an average volks.

He released the brake and the car lifted its front end into the air as the liquid tires finally grabbed on the mangled pavement. There was a horrible shriek as the tires ground out punishment to the asphalt. Then Eustace was tossed into the three foot thick padded seat with about eleven g's. His heart bounced off his spine as the car lept into life. The tack needle was wrapped around the stop pin about three times. He felt a flourish of delight as it rocketed off into the sunset.

He always loved pulling the car up from the driveway into the garage.

Does Man Exist? or I Think Therefore I am Not

Is the earth inhabited? Forget Chariots of the Gods, enough money was made on that effort. We began our search for life on earth leaving Kalamazoo in a two-seater airplane (our first evidence of man's existence). Landing on several occasions we proceeded to question passersby but they denied that the earth was indeed inhabited. To further add to the confusion, they had their underwear on backwards. Deciding that further attempts would be wasted, we proceeded back to the base to feed our into into our man-made computer, which denied being such. After it's third peanut butter and

eggplant sandwich we made a startling accidental discovery; peanut butter and eggplant fucks up the card reader. Our maintenance men spent all night licking up the damage and next morning denied they were men let alone employed in a maintenance capacity. The answer finally came to us in the text of religious material handed out to us when a Jehovah's Bystander came door-to-door. 'Amen' would be 'a man' and therefore conceded that humans were plural. They wholeheartedly denied any such accusations and later denied their denials.



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A. Mann
Director of the Search For Humans
Center
Toledo, Ohio (near the corner)

An Accounting Fantasy

He was attracted by her natural resources, so they went back to her place. They both lay down on her work sheet as she went on her asset. She saw his column from and deemed he had a pretty large stock. He put on his contra because he was aware of concepts. Slowing she opened her books and as he cleared

her account away, he used the straight-line method while sinking his funds as the two became consolidated and intangible. He withdrew his funds and made another deposit followed quickly by a double entry. She was capable of several payrolls so he had to budget himself. Now he began accelerating

his depreciation until a great deal was spent. She made a quick turnover and then he was in arrears. When she closed her books she noticed he now had a petty cash. He paid her her income and as he allocated his attire, she proceeded to tell him why accountancy is such a rewarding profession.

A Short Story

Once upon a time two people got together and decided to have a child. After many months of work their wish finally came true but not as they had expected. A son was born to them but had no body, arms, or legs. Their son wanted to be normal like other children, so he

prayed and prayed to the lord to make him normal like other children. It was not long before he awoke one morning and found that he was no longer just a head, he had a body as well. This made him very happy, but he was still unable to walk so he prayed to the lord again

that he wanted to be just like everyone else. Again he awoke now to find that he could walk. He ran out into the street to tell the world that he was now normal and was run over by a truck.

The moral of this story is to quit while you are a head.

Dr. Mortimer J. Smud
alias student number 742379289
159 Humbervale Blvd.
Dear Mr. and Mrs. *ike,

Imagine my elation when I opened the last T*ike to discover that you had elected to print my incredibly sophomoric letter threatening the members of the Faculty of Dentistry with fates worse than and/or including death. They had to scrape my ego off the wallpaper with spoons.

From this momentous occasion in journalism history I can only conclude that either you liked my stuff, you were short of copy, or the Galactic Empire has collapsed, and nuclear Armageddon is at hand. Since I haven't noticed anyone scrambling to buy lead-lined jockey shorts, I think we can safely rule out the third possibility. I refuse to believe that lack of copy was the sole reason, 'cause you had enough material to choke a Forester. (We got a little tanked last Friday and set out to prove it.)

Anyway, flushed with success, I humbly submit the following article for publishing in the nest T*ike.

Dr. Mortimer J. Smud SJR

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In the Professional Faculties vote John Floras

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